Or ſo; ſo let it paſſe.
Thai To me he ſeemes like Diamond, to Glaſſe.
Per. Yon King's to me, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was,
Had Princes ſit like ſtarres about his Throane,
And he the Sunne for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacie;
Where now his ſonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darkeneſſe, none in light:
Whereby I ſee that Time's the King of Men,
Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.
King. What, are you merry, Knights?
Knights. Who can be other in this royall preſence.
King. Heere with a cup that's ſtur'd vnto the brim,
As do you loue, fill to your Miſtreſſe lips,
We drinke this health to you.
Knights. We thanke your grace.
King. Yet pauſe awhile; yon Knight doth ſit too melan-
As if the intertainement in our Court, (choly,
Had not a ſhew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaiſa*?
Thai. What is't to me my father?
King. O, attend my Daughter,
Princes in this, ſhould liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing ſo, are like to Gnats,
Which make a ſound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance more ſweet,
Heere, ſay we drinke this ſtanding boule of wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me,
Vnto a ſtranger Knight to be ſo bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence.
King. How? doe as I bid you, or youle mooue me elſe.
Thai. Now by the Gods, he could not pleaſe me better.

King.

King. And furthermore tell him, we deſire to know of him
Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?
Thai. The King my father (ſir) has drunke to you.
Per. I thanke him.
Thai. Wiſhing it ſo much blood vnto your life.
Per. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further, he deſires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name, and parentage?
Per. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Arts and Armes.
Who looking for aduentures in the world,
Was by the rough ſeas reft of ſhips and men,
And after ſhip-wracke, driuen vpon this ſhore.
Thai. He thankes your Grace; names himſelfe *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of *Tyre*; who onely by misfortune of the ſeas,
Bereft of ſhips and men, caſt on the ſhore.
king. Now by the Gods, I pittie his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come Gentlemen, we ſit too long on trifles,
And waſte the time which lookes for other reuels?
Euen in your Armours as you are addreſt,
Will well become a Souldiers daunce:
I will not haue excuſe with ſaying this,
Lowd muſike is too harſh for Ladyes heads,
Since they loue men in Armes, as well as beds.
They daunce.
So, this was well ask't, t'was ſo well perform'd.
Come ſir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladyes trippe;
And that their Meaſures are as excellent.
Per. In thoſe that practize them, they are (my Lord.)
king. Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed
Of your faire courteſie: vnclaſpe, vnclaſpe.
They daunce.
Thankes Gentlemen, to all; all haue done well;
But you the beſt: Pages and lights, to conduct